

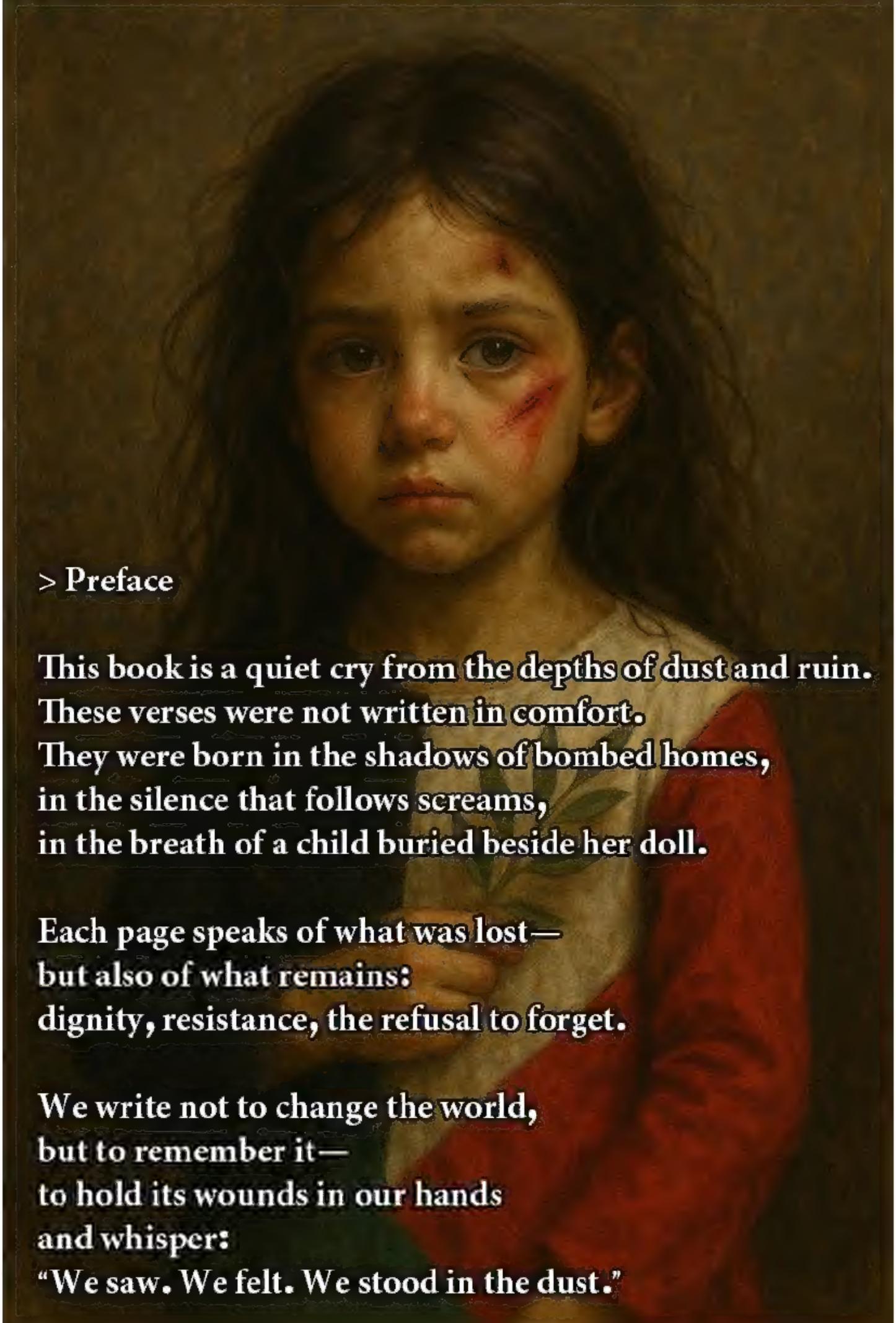
# Standing in the Dust

Ten Poetic Reflections on Palestine

A woman with long dark hair and a somber expression stands in a desolate, dusty landscape. She has a small, stylized painting of the Palestinian flag on her cheek. The background is filled with smoke and the ruins of a building, suggesting a scene of conflict or displacement.

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From Iran, with heart



## > Preface

**This book is a quiet cry from the depths of dust and ruin.  
These verses were not written in comfort.  
They were born in the shadows of bombed homes,  
in the silence that follows screams,  
in the breath of a child buried beside her doll.**

**Each page speaks of what was lost—  
but also of what remains:  
dignity, resistance, the refusal to forget.**

**We write not to change the world,  
but to remember it—  
to hold its wounds in our hands  
and whisper:  
“We saw. We felt. We stood in the dust.”**

> The light and warmth of the sun surpass  
the light and heat of every bomb.  
And I stand in this dark night, waiting for  
the dawn. Isn't the morning near?



Without you, I am undone—  
like the scattered hair of little  
girls in Gaza.